

Good Morning

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The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

CALL BOY introduces you this week to

CARMEN MIRANDA

—the Secret Weapon of our Brazilian Allies

CARMEN MIRANDA was born Maria do Carmo da Cunha, in February, 1914, in Portugal, and was brought to Brazil as an infant by her parents, Jose Maria and Maria Emilia Miranda da Cunha. Her father, who died several years ago, was a travelling salesman, and later became a wholesaler of imported delicacies in Rio.

She has two brothers, Mario and Oscar, and two sisters, Aurora and Cecelia. She went to the convent school of Santa Teresinha, in Rio, conducted by the Sisters of Charity, from the time she was six until she was 15. She still carries with her a little figurine of Saint Teresa.

After leaving school, she spent a year at home and then, through her father, got a job as a model in a department store, a job she held for three years.

"I YI YI YI YI."

Modelling, however, used up very little of Maria's vitality. She used to entertain the girls during rest periods with her own versions of sambas and marachas.

These songs can be of love, topics of the day, or maybe just double talk, like "Chica, Chica, Boom Chic," or "I Yi Yi Yi Yi," and they are countless, like the Calypso songs of Trinidad.

The legend is that Maria's lunch hour performances so demoralised the girls, who were

unable to keep their minds on their counters, that she was fired. It appears that she was heard at a benefit by a guitarist named Josue de Barros, who asked her to perform with him over his radio station; the representative of an American phonograph firm happened to tune in and signed her to make some records for South American consumption.

Even on wax, the girl's vibrations were transmitted to her listeners, and her platters became so popular that by this time she had made some 400, in North and South America both.

This was all very nice. A girl could sing on the radio and for records without disturbing Brazilian tradition. But when she got night club offers, her father, strictly conforming to custom, would not allow it.

But eventually, unable to ignore the financial benefits of the course his womenfolk were taking, Senhor da Cunha came around. He permitted the step, after his daughter had changed her name to Carmen Miranda. Later, he even accompanied Carmen on her tours in South America, and managed her affairs.

BIG CITIES.

It wasn't long before she was hitting all the big cities, not only Rio, but Buenos Aires,

The Girl who could eat her own hat



Montevideo, Sao Paulo and all the rest.

She did long engagements at the Casino Urca and the Club Atlantico, in Rio. In all she toured the major cities of South America nine times. And from there it was only a step into South American films, of which she made three—all hits.

In 1938, Lee Shubert took a cruise on the Normandie and saw Carmen performing and invited her to dinner aboard the liner, attended by a lot of big shots. He offered her a contract, and in her surprise Carmen signed it and her prospects broadened. She came North, bringing the band as well, which Shubert also had to pay.

Without much more than the usual publicity, which made her out just another South American singer, Carmen went into "The Streets of Paris."

The brevity and explosiveness of her performance stopped the show cold and made her a blazing star overnight. Men were dazed and women were disturbed. Everybody came away remembering her staccato and muscular delivery and her bizarre rococo costume. She was different!

The newspapers and magazines blossomed with pictures of Carmen's warm, wide smile, and with interviews generously larded with the writers' impressions of her English, which was not only broken, but positively pulverised.

Millinery stores broke out with a rash of Miranda turbans, decked with vegetables and bric-a-bac, and intended to make all women feel as if they looked like Miranda.

Carmen, by the way, designs all her own turbans, of which she has hundreds, on the basis of an idealisation of the head-dress of the girls of Bahia, Brazil, who wrap their heads in kerchiefs, and carry impossible burdens of victuals upon them in shallow wooden bowls. She has made, she estimates, about \$10,000 from millinery designs based on her turbans.

FIRST FILM.

It was natural that this Miranda fanfare should not go unnoticed in filmdom, and so, only a short time after her arrival, Carmen was signed by Darryl F. Zanuck, production chief of 20th Century-Fox, to do a picture, "Down Argentine Way," for that company.

But getting her in the film was much more difficult than signing the contract, for her commitments prevented her

from leaving New York. And so the studio sent the director and an entire Technicolor crew to New York to film Miss Miranda's scenes at the Movietone Studio on Tenth Avenue there.

It was not until 20th Century-Fox decided to do "That Night in Rio," that it was possible to persuade her to go to Hollywood.

SHE EATS AND EATS.

On the 20th Century-Fox lot, everyone in the studio cafe would sit and gape when Carmen came in for lunch. One reporter recorded her order, and watched while she packed away a shrimp salad, a meat course, five cups of bouillon, two fancy desserts and a piece of lemon chiffon pie. The female players, sitting around wolfing lettuce sandwiches and shredded carrots, were tortured by envy. Carmen works it all off without any trouble.

Following the completion of "Week-End in Havana," Carmen returned to New York to star in the Shubert production of "Sons of Fun," with Olsen and Johnson.

Her social life seems to be spent largely with her family and immediate associates and other South Americans. While in Hollywood, she appeared at Ciro's only a couple of times, and never went anywhere without her mother and brother.

Visiting Brazilians always make a call on Carmen. She has no visible American heart interest, professing to love someone back in Brazil whose name she will not reveal. She has no definite objections to any man, however, and likes everybody impartially.

For recreation Carmen likes to rest. She is given to working very hard and then, when a job is over, going to bed for three or four days.

For exercise, she is partial to sea bathing and swimming. She detests games of all sorts, even the ones played sitting down. Her brother and Oliveira used to play chess every night. One night they sat down and found the box of chessman glued shut. When they broke it open there was a note scrawled by Carmen:

"I think this game is stupid and those who play it fools."

If Miranda has a hobby it is for perfumes. There is a classic story concerning the time she won a Rio Carnival popularity contest. She was permitted to name her own prize—it was 50 bottles of perfume. She spent two months haunting the Rio smart shops to get just what she wanted.

THEY DIDN'T FORGET THE DIVER

When Submariners were the Star turn on Bank Holiday at Leyton (Essex) Lido



Iced water outside, and then iced lemonade inside—that really won't do at all.

AN exhibition on the use of one." When he surfaced, both the Davey Escape Apparatus at Leyton (Essex) Lido on August Bank Holiday was good fun for the two thousand on-lookers. They mostly showed an intelligent interest, and were thrilled when they learned that the two demonstrators were real, live submariners.

Perhaps the submariners enjoyed it, too. Their wives did, anyway. Lieut. M. V. H. Caplet, late of H.M.S. "Tempest," and recently home after sixteen months in an Italian prison camp, had spent the previous day working out his commentary. When he delivered it, his wife nervously twisted her gloves in her hands; at every pause she looked worriedly across the pool in the direction of the microphone.

Lieut. John Pearce's wife thought it was all rather good fun. When her husband disappeared into the deep end of the pool, her only remark was, "I bet you he'll just sit on the bottom for hours to fool every-

body." The Lieutenants were cheered and the wet one made his way to the side of the pool, where he was greeted by a very pretty and thoughtful typist on holiday. Into his shivering hands she pressed a glass of iced lemonade. When he said "No, thanks," and hinted that another victual would be more welcome, the poor little girl blushed and lisped her apologies. She was big enough not to tell him it was the photographer's idea anyway.

The Lieutenants, like most submariners I meet, had not yet had "Good Morning" on service. They and their wives read the copies I gave them, and, like most submariners, said they liked the Ship's Cat and Jane. Below, you see them saying so.

I hope "Hi-de-Hi" in the evening proved a little more entertaining. Perhaps when we attend the christening of your boat they'll tell me.



Here's Miss Beryl Port, who made a big splash-success at the Lido—you can see it!



And this is Lt. John Pearce and Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. Caplet and Lt. M. V. H. Caplet, seeing what "Good Morning" has to say.



No wonder Miranda only took a week or two to come from Brazil to everywhere. Boy! The climate's hot!

Periscope
PageQUIZ
for today

1. What is a grilse?
2. Who wrote (a) "Uncle Remus," (b) "Uncle Bernac"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: January, February, March, May, July, August, October, December?
4. What is pumice-stone?
5. Where are the Catskill Mountains?
6. What is nectar?
7. What is meant by piriform?
8. What is galipot?
9. Who was Lord Jim?
10. What are Fraunhofer Lines?
11. Fluxions is the old name for what branch of mathematics?
12. What is a loriner?

Answers to Quiz
in No. 118

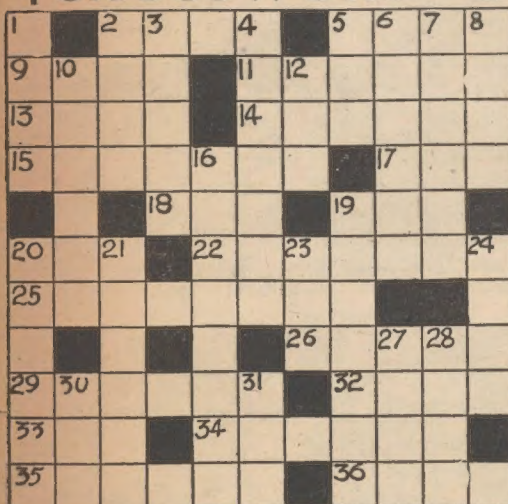
1. A small, strong horse.
2. (a) Henry James, (b) Tobias Smollett.
3. Endogen is a plant; the others are gases.
4. The summer fur of the ermine.
5. One of the seven hills on which Rome is built.
6. A ramshackle two-wheeled cart.
7. Conceited, vain.
8. An edible toadstool.
9. Captain von Rintelen, once a spy.
10. An alloy of iron, nickel, copper and manganese.
11. 1170.
12. A woodland nymph.

Who is it?

He got into serious trouble with the authorities for an attempt to destroy the building used by our national assembly, by means of explosives. For this he was put through the third degree, and subsequently paid the full penalty. Before the war his memory was kept alive in an annual festival, marked by loud detonations and multi-coloured lights; an occasion much appreciated by small children and school-boys. Hideous caricatures of him were paraded through the streets of most towns, those of the population showing any interest in them being mulcted in small fines of a penny or twopenny. Who was he?

(Answer on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Stylish.
- 5 Mountain.
- 9 Wind instrument.
- 11 Visual.
- 13 Sheet of ice.
- 14 Given as promised.
- 15 Petted.
- 17 Cry of crows.
- 18 Rest on chair.
- 19 Equip.
- 20 Stitch.
- 22 Tardy.
- 25 Went before.
- 26 Boy's name.
- 29 Sort of stonework.
- 32 Solid square.
- 33 Evergreen shrub.
- 34 Pulpy fruit.
- 35 Hit tennis ball.
- 36 Camera glass.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

BIRD BASALT
AVERTED NEW
TYPE ROCOCO
TAWAY ANTS
EMS CLAM U
DITCH LEARN
N HEAT TEA
HIDE LOST L
AVOWAL HILL
FEN COTERIE
TREATY WEED

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Take off.
- 2 Darky.
- 3 Attends to.
- 4 Ended.
- 5 Except.
- 6 Draw out.
- 7 Plunder.
- 8 Expanded.
- 10 Iron sheet to help fire.
- 12 Fish.
- 16 Free.
- 19 Fundamental.
- 20 Pointed weapon.
- 21 Ram.
- 23 Part of chair.
- 24 Amount of medicine.
- 27 Stringed instrument.
- 28 Black.
- 30 Petition.
- 31 Perch.

He told them
'OUR WIVES ARE
SO TASTY'

AT Oxford Psalmanazar pretended to have, through overwork, "a gouty kind of distemper," and walked lame, until his friends entreated him to have regular hours and proper rest. In his spare time he was most attracted by church music; but he was "not a little ashamed to see what drunken, idle ragamuffins composed almost every choir, and with what indolence they usually performed their parts."

CANNIBAL PRIESTS.

He claims to have found in Oxford, as in London, a great controversy raging over him. His friends, he says, were men of the best character for candour and probity.

A contemporary note on Psalmanazar at Oxford, though it was not published until after his death, is dated June, 1704, being written after an interview with "the famous Formosan," in the presence of several gentlemen and ladies, to whom he gave a fuller account of the diabolical sacrifices of Formosa than was contained in his book.

"What became of the bodies of the victims?" asked the writer of the note. "The priests might eat them," replied Psalmanazar. So vast a number (18,000) drawn out every year, it was objected, was enough to unpeople a country. "Yes, with you; but in my country the poorest men have two or three and the nobles twelve or fifteen wives each," replied Psalmanazar.

In Formosa, Psalmanazar declared, they had an absolute power over their women, and when they grew weary of them they had but to say they suspected them of adultery, and without more ceremony they cut off their heads and ate them.

"Barbarous!" exclaimed a shocked lady among his listeners. Barbarous to accuse them wrongfully, he admitted; and he wished the custom were abolished. But as to eating the bodies, it was another matter. "I think it no sin to eat human flesh; but I must own it is a little unmannerly."

He had once eaten part of a black slave—they had some African slaves in Formosa—and found him tough and unsavoury.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

Psalmanazar went on with his preposterous tales. His

grandfather had lived to one hundred and seventeen, keeping his vigour by sucking the blood of a viper every morning, and had only died so young because they were forced to kill him. He had a violent colic, he explained, and it was the custom in Formosa to put people out of their pain.

One of his mothers (!) smoked six ounces of tobacco a day, in a pipe whose bowl held an ounce and whose shank was some yards in length.

The Formosans carried bosom-snakes, which twined themselves several times round their owner's waists, and were loving, grateful and faithful, protecting their owners better than mastiffs, and keeping them cool when travelling. He was at a great loss for one of these "sweet beasts," English snakes being useless.

After all this weird nonsense, Psalmanazar spoke of his resolve to return to Formosa, and his certainty that his father was a man of such good sense that he would be able to convince him, and others with him, of the truth of Christianity. When reminded of the hazards of missionary work, he replied that if it were his fate to suffer for his religion he could not die in a better cause.

The writer of the note from which we have been quoting is impressed by Psalmanazar's attitude, as he is also by his supposed mastery of six languages, his acute apprehension and tenacious memory, and his power of religious argument. As to who he actually is, he says: "Psalmanazar is thought to be a fictitious name, which he has chosen for a disguise, and seems ground for belief to what the Jesuits (who kidnapped him from his father) gave out—that he was a king's son. Certain it is, he makes no brags of his family, and is not very easy in being examined much about it."

PICTURE OF A LIAR.

In appearance Psalmanazar is described as a middle-sized, well-shaped man, of a fair complexion—like all the inhabitants of Formosa! A singular habit of his is mentioned. He carries the bowl of a pipe in his pocket, with a shank one inch and a half long. Though it is of ordinary clay, the bowl is black throughout like jet.

This, though he does not smoke it, "relishes his mouth" in company where smoking would be thought indecent. Also, when his pockets are low, he can with a live coal give himself the satisfaction of his beloved odour without expense.

JANE

The King of
Impostors

eyes. On the contrary, he says that with many of the fair sex he was a great favourite and that, if he could have overcome his natural sheepishness and fear of repulse, he might have been more successful, "either by way of matrimony or intrigue."

In a few instances of the un-

Continued on Page 3.

His six months at Oxford having come to an end—without any more of the scheme to train missionaries for Formosa—Psalmanazar returned to

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Know anything about animals? This isn't an elephant, nor is it a man-eating tiger, but it may be—a Flying Phalanger, Lemur, Slow Loris, Fennec, or even a super-posh Ferret. Guess which. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 118: Glockenspiel.

MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together; for instance, "Ducks and Drakes," etc.

(a) ASKS WHY DO I.

(b) FALLEN ON SAP.

(Answers on Page 3)

	9	4	5	3	8	
1	3	2	6	4	3	1
14	8	1	3	1	2	5
5	15	3	8	5	7	3
2	1	4	2	1	10	4
9	4	1	3	2	10	2
9	6	5	7	3	4	6

Can you draw 18 straight, continuous lines on this chart, so that the numbers on each line add up to 20?

WANGLING
WORDS—81

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after DOG, to make a word.

2. Rearrange the letters of CORN DATES, to make an English town.

3. Change MAIN into ROAD, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration.

Change in the same way: MILK into CART, BULL into TOSS, BANK into RATE.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from TETRAHEDRON?

Answer to Wangling
Words—No. 80

1. GALAN GAL.
2. WORCESTER.
3. GNAT, GOAT, BOAT, BOOT, ROOT, RIOT, RIFT, RIFE, RITE, BITE, MASH, MASS, MATS, PATS, POTS, BARN, BORN, BOON, BOOR, DOOR, TWO, TOO, TOR, FOR, FOX, FIX, SIX.
4. Pear, Pare, Reap, Rake, Hake, Hear, Sear, Sake, Rasp, Peas, Peak, Peek, Seek, Seep, Sere, Reek, Heap, Hare, Skea, Peer, etc. Speak, Spear, Rapes, Rakes, Reaps, Spare, Shake, Sheep, Pease, Press, Skeps, Hears, Heaps, Spake, Shear, Share, Pares, Reeks, Shape, Peaks, etc.

ODD CORNER

THE passing of some old customs is not to be regretted, and one of them is recorded in Woodgate's "Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman": "On the eve of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race of 1862, the two crews met at Richmond and jointly indulged in a friendly cat worry, Oxford supplying the cats and dogs and Cambridge hiring a shed for the sport."

It was only 49 years ago that the last witch was burnt alive in England. Witchcraft is still believed in in this country, and in July, 1936, a Cumberland farmer alleged before a court that a spell had been cast over him by a witch. He had paid her over £200 to ward off her malice, and when he had refused to give her more, he declared his crops had withered.

Less than ten years ago an Essex vicar was obliged to guard an old lady from the villagers of East Thorpe, who had attempted to "swim" her for a witch, and from time to time magistrates are still confronted with witnesses who refuse to give evidence against certain persons, in case they have a spell cast over them. Witches' covens still meet to celebrate the Witches' Sabbath and the Black Mass in underground cellars in most of the world's big cities, including London.

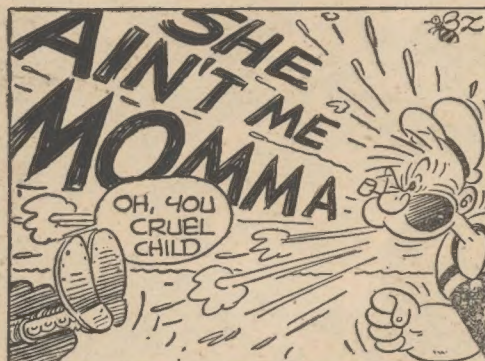
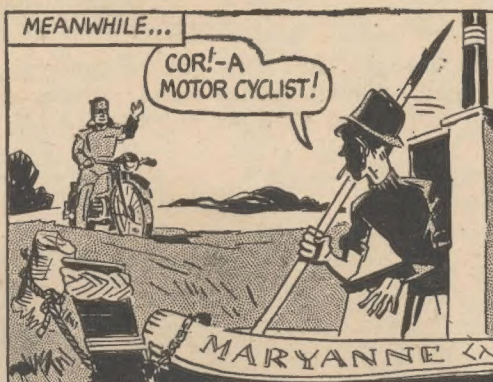
Where did the Sea come from?

Sid Field says—

Where did the Sea come from?

Sid Field says—

Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) WHISKY & SODA.
(b) SOAP & FLANNEL.



Halley's account of this interview would have been rather different

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

SEARCH ME



"I ain't hidin' nuthin' an' I ain't done nuthin' either."

This England

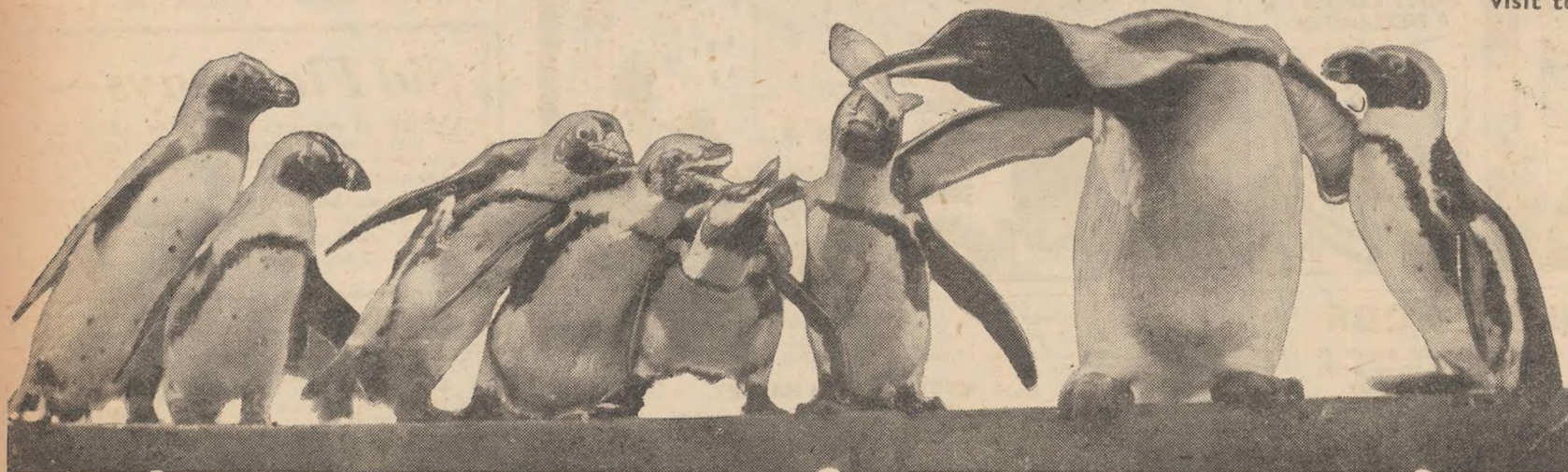
The rippling brook must surely be the musical background to this quiet, undisturbed village of Monksilver, in the delightful county of Somerset.



"Maybe you are hungry, but I've got to taste it first. It may not be good for you. On the other hand, it may be so good that Mum and I might eat the lot!"



"Yes, boys, it IS M.G.M.'s Ann Sothorn calling. At least, if those eyes aren't 'calling,' we are due for a visit to the optician."



"Hey, there — steady, you kids. One fish between seven takes a spot of working out. And don't act so greedy-like. Can't you see the place is crowded with visitors? There's only one gentleman amongst you. But then, Alfie always did take after me."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I hate queueing for food anyway."

